

we have set our faces against what they hold dear, and that the hideous brood of monster sin which they have brought forth and still nurse and cherish, is in danger; and so, like the wary old cat, they are jealous of us, let us "purr" ever so much "like sucking doves."

Perhaps, too, Grimalkin was acute enough to perceive in the old woman's mode of proceeding, some resemblance to her own tiger nature, and dreaded her all the more on that account. In that case Puss was in the right, and showed her sense, and I doubt not she feared her more than she did the dog, who, though a ruder, was a more open and honest enemy.

So, most likely, it would be with the slaveholders and their abettors—they would only dread and hate the abolitionists the more if they were smooth-tongued, more polite, and attempted to gloss over their determined hostility to slavery, with gentle words. But were it not so, and could they gain anything for their cause by such means, they would disdain to use them. In the words of Curran, we ask of every pure and noble-minded man and woman who believes in the gospel of truth and freedom, "When you address the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you convey your feelings of horror and indignation? Would you stoop to the meanness of qualified complaint?"—*Liberator*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From the Lecturing Field.

In every place I have visited of late, I find the people laboring under the greatest possible mistakes in reference to the anti-slavery society, as well as in reference to the character of leading abolitionists, especially agents. For some months past it would seem that the leading ministers of the churches around here have had little else to do, than expose the wickedness of "Garrisonians," "Walkers," &c. This course is intended to save the "church," but it has in most instances the opposite effect. The people become anxious to hear us, and when they do hear us, find nearly every thing to be the very opposite of what their "spiritual guides" had represented. A short time since I received a request from several of the citizens of Newmarket, in Harrison co., to lecture there. I went, and held meeting on the Saturday evening, and all day on Sunday. The congregations were large and very deeply interested. On Saturday evening a democratic "Disciple" opposed us on the Constitution, but he knew so little of the subject upon which he rose to enlighten the people, that he made out but little farther than to lead us out more fully on that subject. On Sunday the Constitution and the Church claimed our attention. Several who had allowed their minds to be influenced against us somewhat, saw they had been deceived. Some, I trust, were converted to the anti-slavery faith. I sold about all the books I had with me, and obtained two subscribers for the Bugle.

Last Sunday week, the Rev. Israel Archibald preached his long announced sermon, (it is four months, I believe, since he notified the people on the subject) to prove the M. E. Church a pure church, a thoroughly anti-slavery church. Of course I made it my business to be there. I thought it might be possible that we had mistaken the character of that organization, that we had been engaged in a false issue, opposing as proslavery that which was the great instrument for good, in the A. S. cause.

The congregation was large, the Wesleyans having given up their services that all might hear this sermon on M. E. purity. I took my seat as near as possible to the place in which I was collared a few months ago. After the usual preliminary exercises, the gentleman proceeded to say that there never had been a pure church—that the primitive church had bad people in it, and "that even Christ was not very particular in this matter—that even among the twelve apostles there was a liar, a thief, and a profane swearer." Query: If I, or any anti-slavery man, had said so much, would we not be denounced as infidels?

I do not know the cause, whether it was the preacher's nervous and debilitated state of health, the character of his congregation, or the badness of the subject, but of all efforts to maintain the anti-slavery character of that church, it was the most abortive. His chief force was the early description of the church, and the late action of the General Conference in the case of Harding and Andrews. As usual with such preachers, charges the most vile and malicious were made against anti-slavery people, especially lecturers. He made an attack upon N. N. Selby, without mentioning his name, the name was called for repeatedly, but he refused to give it. At the close, Mr. Selby rose and demanded, as a right, to repel the vile attack made upon his character. The preacher would not give him leave to speak, but went on without leave. By this time the "dear little fellow" that instituted the proceedings against myself, rose and told him to take his seat; and told him he ought to remember the other disturbance! He ought to have remembered that. It was in vain that requests were made to sing. Selby stood firm, and proved the preacher guilty of the basest slanders that man could well be guilty of. But it was all done for the "good of souls."

At the close it was announced that the sermon would be reviewed at the Wesleyan Church that day, at three o'clock—printed notices were also stuck up—and the meeting was well attended. I reviewed the sermon at length, showing from their own accredited works that their position. I sent a request

to Mr. A. to be present and participate in the meeting, but he was "wise as a serpent"—he kept away. In the evening I understood Mr. T. Cummins preached a sermon in the Methodist church, taking the opposite ground of Mr. Archibald, viz: that the church is pro-slavery. One truthful statement was made by Mr. A., which all knew to be true, "that the church in this place has lost all its influence."

Several other very interesting meetings have been held which have awakened the attention of the people. A spirit of inquiry is elicited in the whole region round about, and the end is not yet.

A good deal of excitement has been created for a week past by the appearance of a Mr. Rouse, who has been lecturing at Newmarket. I received a challenge from him to discuss our views on the character of the church government and Constitution. Yesterday he came on to Leesburgh. The Pro's were in ecstasies. From the accounts given of the man, I expected a formidable opponent, and prepared accordingly. Seven propositions were agreed to, covering the whole ground. The audience was large, and great interest was awakened, this being the first public opponent we have had.

I opened the discussion, and spoke half an hour on the first proposition. Mr. A. R. Dempster presided. Mr. Rouse had not spoken many minutes before it was evident to all that he knew nothing whatever of the subject under debate. He had come there as the great champion of the Church and State, but before he had spoken twenty minutes the leading member of the church left him in his glory. He never attempted the discussion at all; the chair called him to order, and insisted that having agreed to the propositions he was in honor bound to pay regard to them. At the close of the meeting, the audience, composed of all parties, voted unanimously that he had failed entirely to support the negative. Then a motion was carried that the discussion adjourn *sine die*, on the ground of the incapacity of the negative to debate the question. The chairman stated that he never saw such an entire failure on the part of a disputant to sustain a position. So ended a discussion which I had expected to last a week, and that too a week of thorough and critical examination. This Mr. Rouse is going from place to place, pretending to something great. I hope the friends will know how to treat him should he call at any place where the friends of the slave live.

The cause of truth must progress. The rapidity of its progress depends upon the faithfulness and devotion of those whose religion is, regard for mankind.

Yours, aff., W.

Leesville, Feb. 25, 1848.

Wilson Hobbs.

FEBRUARY 15th, 1848.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

From my days of early childhood I have ever felt a kind of shrinking from being the willing messenger of bad tidings; yet the duties of life are some of them stern, and of a character requiring courage to perform in the face of a frowning world; and as the cause of human advancement seems to require it, some one must proclaim the truth in the following case.

You are aware that we have an Academy in Harveysburg, and you may probably call to mind some conversation which passed between yourself and me, (at the time of your late visit here) with respect to the probable or improbable anti-slavery integrity of the principal Teacher, Wilson Hobbs. I was speaking strongly in his defence, you recollect that you were, both of you, apprehensive that when "weighed in the balance" he would be found "wanting." Well, I suppose by the time you finish reading this letter you will, as a matter of course, give yourselves credit for superior judgment over me in cases of this kind.

Perhaps I told you that our friend Wm. L. Keyes was about moving to our village for the purpose of teaching a school for colored children. I must inform you that Margaret Campbell, (a sister to the wife of Wm. L. Keyes) an amiable young woman of about 18 years of age, accompanied them here. She came for the purpose, merely, to avail herself of the privilege of attending our new Academy, and also to be company for her sister during her stay in the neighborhood. Accordingly, after Margaret had spent a few days helping to arrange the household affairs after moving, she presented herself among the female students at the school room, and was kindly received by them, with perhaps two or three exceptions wherein a slight want of good breeding was manifested, as I was informed by the female teacher, C. C. Moulton, who has manifested much sympathy towards Margaret. She was told by the female Teacher to study in the books which she had brought with her until further arrangements were made, which she, of course, expected would result in her being furnished by the principal Teacher with such books as he had furnished other students with, and placed in some one of the classes. But, alas, how soon are the brightest hopes sometimes blasted. This amiable young woman was permitted to attend the school for two days without being furnished with the necessary books, or having her name taken down with the other students on the list of enrollment;

and on the morning of the third day of her attendance, she was publicly expelled from the school, and sent weeping from the room in the presence of all the female students.

Does the reader begin to inquire for the cause of this treatment to a modest unassuming young woman, who was "a stranger in a strange land," whose parents had entrusted her to the generosity of the citizens of Harveysburg, and surrounding country. Perhaps the startling thought begins to arise that she is charged with some crime. I can answer that so far as I have heard, her character stands untarnished by any shadow of crime. Perhaps the next thought will be that she found herself too poor to pay a Teacher, in this age of gold and silver idolatry. I can answer to this, that her parents are, perhaps, worth more property than the parents of any other student at the school. I presume the reader now concludes to charge the root of the difficulty among the *crimes of God*, in being guilty of another of his quite common blunders in creating Margaret black, and therefore we felt called upon here in Harveysburg to bear our testimony against the sins of the Creator, by refusing to associate our white names with his *deeds of blackness*. This supposition, however, is entirely groundless, for the Creator is so far from being guilty of making Margaret black, that she is quite as fair and much more beautiful than many of the students attending the same school; and I may add that I heard Wilson Hobbs say, that he never should have suspected Margaret for being colored, &c.

The whole ground of the origin of this piece of cruelty, folly and wicked nonsense, is here: It seems that friend Hobbs had heard it stated that on the maternal side of Margaret's ancestry, the line of descent had come from Adam and Eve, through a warm and pleasant climate rather more recently than some of us think our own ancestry came. This startling news was sufficient to shock a modern educated Quaker, and to make him shudder and cringe as though the crashing of heavy thunder were breaking upon his ears from every quarter of the heavens; but as soon as he got sufficiently over the stunning effects to be able to travel, finding his own callibre entirely incompetent to decide a question of such tremendous magnitude, he seeks counsel at the hands of some six or eight persons, who had each furnished a part of the funds for the erecting of the building where the school was taught.

Among the prominent persons consulted, was one merchant whose sole trust for salvation seems to be in dimes and half dimes and the voice of the great Dime God as spoken by the mouth of this his servant, was, "turn her out." Two of the same company of counsellors in cruelty and vile oppression were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, one of them a great hand for looking solemn, and the other a swift tongued man on a prayer, yet both these seemed anxious to learn what the great demon of oppression would require at their hands, in order that they might "know and do his will," with great earnestness then, could these men of the church, with solemn look and prayerful hearts say, "turn her out of school." A fourth personage in this group of cruel female persecutors was one of the main pillars in the United Brethren Church in this place, whose trade is a kind of mixture, including some religion and some blacksmithing; who talks frequently in the class-meetings about his being "as much determined to go to Heaven as ever;" yet the Teacher says his advice was, to *expel Margaret from school*. Another of this little group who seem to be "wise above that which is written," (at least that which is written in the New Testament) is an apparently kind and cautious man, who professes to take a great interest in the lives and the health and happiness of mankind; who has formerly spent a goodly portion of his time in preaching what he seemed to think was the Gospel of Christ; and he also very frequently gave the people public lessons of instruction upon the question of slavery, taking the bold stand that it was contrary to the Bible, and therefore wrong; yet the Teacher says his advice was to yield to the demands of slavery so far as to turn Margaret Campbell away from school, &c.

Another member of this cabinet of cruelty, I will describe by simply saying that he is one of our most zealous professing Reformers in matters of both Church and State, a reader of John C. Vaughn's paper; yet he too could openly acknowledge that he told Wilson Hobbs to turn the young woman from school. The next time I see brother Vaughn I mean to tell on this subscriber of his, and then if he don't write such an Editorial as will make Friend ——— either ashamed to join in persecuting another woman, or else ashamed to continue to take the "Examiner," I shall conclude it don't *examine* quite closely enough.

I now turn with pleasure to describe a brighter specimen of gallantry and manhood than either of the foregoing; there is one name among the men of our village who has boldly stood the storm, and not even the persuasions of Wilson Hobbs (though this friend says he made an effort to do so) could induce Joseph G. Stevenson to join in the mean and cowardly act of persecuting and abusing an almost friendless young woman. And though this solitary name appears to be the only one worthy of an honorable record among the eight or ten, out of the fifty stockholders, whom Wilson consulted before he

used his authority by way of expelling the stranger; yet when we remember what worthy citizens some of the others have formerly been, we are compelled to believe that the tail of "The great dragon" must have been strongly kicked around their necks so as the tail went wagging to and fro, every new twitch seemed to bring them to their knees, making them bow down to the very dust before the great demon of oppression, and worship the Baal of slavery with the most servile submission, whilst every individual coward of them will readily acknowledge that he "has no personal objections" to the young woman going to school, &c. Now I presume Judas could have used the same words just as truthfully. I do not suppose he had any "personal objections" to letting Jesus go free and live and continue his kind acts to mankind, if he, Judas, could have got the money. I presume no murderer for money ever had any "personal objections" to letting his victim free if he could have the dimes as safely without taking life as with it.

Wilson Hobbs has taken considerable pains to try to make folks believe that his own choice would have been for Margaret Campbell to come to school, had it not been for the fifty stockholders who own the building; yet he it remembered that he himself was the first one who took fright and began to "scamper" on the occasion; he it also remembered that he labored very ardently to try to get Joseph G. Stevenson to consent to her expulsion; he it remembered that he took the responsibility of expelling this young woman before *four-fifths* of the stockholders knew anything of his being so frightened at a woman. Be it also remembered that we have just held a large public meeting on this occasion, which was ably and appropriately addressed by Samuel Lewis, of Cincinnati; and after the address an expression of public opinion was called for by a rising vote, when lo! Wilson was found voting among the few who exposed themselves as the open enemies of Christianity. Now if there were any christianity among the members of the church to which Wilson belongs, would not its members be soon found laboring with him for such conduct? I think they would.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, MARCH 10, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Friends of the slave, fill up the list! Volunteers are needed! The exigencies of the cause demand them, and they must be had. The Executive Committee need your immediate aid—will you give it? Fifty subscribers to the following plan are indispensable—there ought to be a hundred, and would be, if all who profess to love the slave would do according to their ability. Send in your names without delay.

A Promise.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to pay to the Ex. Committee of the Western A. S. Society, \$10 for the support of the Bugle against the 1st of April 1848; with the understanding that in consideration thereof we are entitled to ten copies of said paper for one year, to be sent without further charge to such persons as we may direct, provided they are applied for before the 1st of July, 1848.

- 1 Isaac Treacott, Salem.
- 2 Wm. Lightfoot, "
- 3 Jas. Barnaby, "
- 4 Benj. S. Jones, "
- 5 J. Elizabeth Jones, "
- 6 Lot Holmes, Columbiana.
- 7 T. Edmund Fickler, New Garden.
- 8 B. M. Cowles, Austintown.
- 9 Valentine Nicholson, Harveysburg.
- 10 Dr. Abraham Brooke, Oakland.
- 11 E. Poor, Richfield.
- 12 Danl. L. Davis, New Vienna.
- 13 Simeon Dickinson, Chagrin Falls.
- 14 Saml. Brooke, Salem.
- 15 H. M. Case, Rootstown.
- 16 Lydia Irish, New Lisbon.
- 17 Stephen Reed, Ellsworth.
- 18 Isaac Treacott, (3d pledge), Salem.
- 19 W. J. Bright, Hartford.
- 20 J. Millerbach, Leesville.
- 21 Horatio Roby, "
- 22 S. S. Foster, Worcester, Mass.

WADSWORTH, Feb. 12th, 1848.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

I hope you will excuse my troubling you with my scribbling, being a subscriber for your paper, which I understood at the time of subscribing was a free discussion paper, I will avail myself of the privilege to intrude a few lines upon your notice.

Although I have endeavored to render myself a fair and unprejudiced reader of your publication, still I must confess that I experienced a slight and irrepressible shudder at finding our governmental institutions so boldly and firmly attacked—those institutions which I had been taught to regard as sacred and inviolable, a word against which was little better than sacrilege. No wonder then, that for a moment I almost doubted my senses, and involuntarily rubbed my eyes and looked again; but there it was, in plain and unmistakable characters, "Why don't the people cry, down with the bloody Constitution!—Down with the bloody Union!"

Strong denunciations these, against a government, which, were it less humane in its

enactions, would bring the author to the scaffold or the dungeon; against an institution which it required the united wisdom of our forefathers to rear, and beneath whose influence our country has so long existed and prospered. An institution beautiful in its nature, noble in its structure, and were not its uses grossly perverted, beneficial and ennobling in its influence. It requires of a man nothing that would in the least trammel him in the full discharge of his duty, as such, either towards God or his fellow man, to fulfill to the letter, every requirement of that instrument.

But perhaps I am in error; though, as I said before, I have endeavored to throw aside all prejudice and keep my mind open to conviction, and earnestly desire to learn and believe the truth. But as yet I do not find myself prepared to join in the cry of, "Down with the Constitution." Although thoroughly convinced of the necessity of reform, I would much rather, and for one hope yet to see it brought about by milder measures than the total destruction of the existing national government. Although the Goddess of Liberty now weeps bitter tears over the impending fate of a falling nation, I look forward with hope to the day when the gloom shall be cleared from her brow and her countenance be wreathed in its brightest smiles as she looks forth upon a truly free and happy people who have wrought their own redemption, when true Liberty and Christianity shall walk forth hand in hand, mutually circling each other in the dispensation of blessings which shall fall alike upon all, regardless of rank, station, or even of color.

The state of things which now exists cannot exist forever. The banner of reform is even now unfurled to the breeze, and thousands are rallying beneath its folds. Our country is sunk deep in pollution, but I hear in the distance the shout of the multitude which is coming up to the rescue. The League of Universal Brotherhood is making giant strides through our land, and promises to annihilate that blood-thirsty spirit—that love of wholesale murder which rankles in the breasts of so many of our countrymen. That accursed institution which gives the lie direct to all our loud and noisy boasts of Liberty and Independence—that monster who infects our land in the shape of slavery, even now trembles in his stronghold, while his defenders with blind zeal vainly endeavor to avert the threatened blow which must ultimately fall and send him shrieking and howling from our land.

This is no idle speculation, for there is, as all will admit, a spirit of genuine philanthropy inherent in the bosom of every American, which at this time may lie dormant, still it needs but that the right chord should be struck, and it is roused; and when once roused, all the insinuating art, and sly and deep laid schemes of a crafty Priesthood, or the bland address or fawning condescension of aspiring politicians cannot again lead it to repose, until whatever noble purpose is in view is accomplished. Then let us appeal to the hearts of the people to aid us in the work of reform, and not shock them by striking at the root of what they are taught to hold sacred—our national government. Let "Down with slavery," be the motto, and the paramount object of our endeavors. Let all other considerations be secondary to, and dependent upon this. But if in the accomplishment of this great and holy purpose, the destruction of the National Constitution is rendered necessary, then let no shrinking sensibility or weak fondness for old and long cherished favorites prevent its overthrow and destruction; for I, for one, would spurn and trample in the dust any instrument which I was thoroughly convinced did, of itself, support or perpetuate this unholily and accursed traffic in human flesh and blood.

If I am in error, I hope to be corrected, for no more than I wish to see the work of reform, in which so many are becoming interested, prosper and succeed. For its bounds are daily spreading and the whole North, at least, if not the whole nation, will ere long be included in their sweep. Public opinion, that powerful empire, is becoming interested in its favor. Warm hearts and willing hands are daily uniting in the effort to further its progress; and the ladies—God bless them—are coming up to the work with a zeal and promptitude which should serve as an example worthy the imitation of their rulers—the lords of creation. But their influence is not exerted in vain, and the readiness with which they join in this, as in all other good causes, does honor to their sex.

Yours, &c. J. L.

REMARKS.

We thank J. L. for the foregoing letter; and although we think some of his views erroneous, yet he manifests a desire to know, and a disposition to do the right. To one, educated as he has been, in a reverence for the Constitution and a respect for "the powers that be," it is no cause for surprise that he should be shocked by our denunciations of the Federal Constitution and the Union. Many of the American colonists were shocked when they first heard George III denounced as a tyrant, and the Divine Right of Kings called in question. Many truth-seeking and pious persons were shocked when Martin Luther denied the infallibility of the Pope, and declared the Catholic Church to be the Mother of Harlots. We all know that it is hard to give up that which we have been taught to love—to cut off the right hand or pluck out the right eye.

But as our correspondent says he may be in error, and desires to hold his mind open to conviction, we will briefly examine some of his sentiments and see whether he is not mistaken in what he advances, just premising that our opposition to the Constitution does not blind us to the fact that it contains many excellent provisions.

We do not feel ourselves under any peculiar obligation to reverence it, because as defining treason it suffers us to enjoy free speech without bringing us to the dungeon or the scaffold for using it—public sentiment demanded that America should not be less liberal in this respect than England; and when the fathers framed the Constitution and declared in what treason should consist, instead of bringing forth something new, and contri-

ping other generations in the race of freedom, they copied the very language of a statute of Edward III, and Mary I. We agree with our correspondent that the united wisdom of the fathers is manifested in the Constitution they framed; but it was a wisdom that came not from on high, but one which sought to form a compromise between Truth and Error, an alliance between Freedom and Oppression; a wisdom which has cherished and protected slavery, has retarded the growth of our country's happiness and prosperity, and made her

"The Christian's scorn, the Heathen's mirth,
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking earth."

But if, as our correspondent avers, the Constitution be noble in its nature, beautiful in its structure, requiring nothing of its supporters which in the least conflicts with their duty to God or man; if a christian may without offence fulfill every provision of that instrument, then God forbid that we or any one should say right in its disparagement. But is the beautiful picture which J. L. has drawn, a true representation of the original, or a mere fancy sketch? Let us see.

There is a clause in the Constitution which says,

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

Is the slave of Virginia a person? None but the most ultra advocates of the peculiar institution will deny it. Is he held to service or labor under the laws of Virginia?—not under the laws of morality and justice, but under the laws of *Virginia*! All but legal quibblers will admit it; for the slave being held as property in every slaveholding State of the Union, he is held by the laws thereof, bound to yield his service, his labor, his talents, his everything to the master who claims him as his. Suppose this Virginia slave seeks a refuge in Ohio, can he be discharged from such service or labor as he owes his master under the laws of Virginia? Does not the clause in question declare that if Ohio should pass a law to free the escaping slave from the bondage imposed upon him by Virginia laws, "he shall not be discharged from such service or labor?" And then we inquire, what is the final disposition the Constitution makes of him, is it not that "he shall be delivered up to the party to whom such service or labor" as has been described "is due?" Does this provision of the Constitution look like an agreement on the part of the free people of the U. S. to do to the fugitive slave as they would be done by? Can a man who loves his brother and desires to follow Christ swear to stand by it and execute it? We say, No! Our correspondent affirms they can, that this, in common with other parts of the document, is "beautiful in its nature, noble in its structure."

There is also a provision in the Constitution which pledges the power of the Union to protect each state against domestic violence. Any forcible resistance to State laws is domestic violence, and the Constitution makes no discrimination between domestic violence in slave-claiming and in non-slave-claiming States. It cares not whether the violence is perpetrated by white men in Ohio while endeavoring to establish slavery contrary to law, or by black men in Virginia while striving to break off their own fetters contrary to law; it crushes both, "asking no questions for conscience sake." Can Christians fulfill to the letter this requirement of the Constitution? can true lovers of Freedom promise to sustain such a provision? We differ from J. L. and think they cannot.

This is not the place to discuss whether the war principle is in itself right or wrong, or whether the doctrines of the League of Universal Brotherhood are right or wrong; but inasmuch as our correspondent believes the League to be a christian association, we wish to call his attention to his inconsistency in declaring that a christian may sustain every provision of a Constitution whose authority and power is based on the sword, and which provides for the assembling of a Congress which it invests with unlimited power "to declare war;" "to issue letters of marque and reprisal," build and equip navies, and organize armies. The very existence of the U. S. Constitution is a violation of the principles of that League.

The idea that in this country men have a Constitutional right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience is not a true one. For if their worship consists in deeds of benevolence, and acts of mercy, they are punished by laws framed under the Constitution. If they "hide the outcast" as did Van Zandt in Ohio, they are fined \$500; if they "deliver him that is spoiled from the hands of the spoiler" as did Captain Walker in Florida, their flesh is burned with branding irons; if they attempt to "loose the bands of oppression" as did Chas. T. Torrey in Maryland, they are imprisoned in lonely cells; if they "undo the heavy burdens" as did Work, Thompson and Barr in Missouri, they are cast into the penitentiary. It may be said that but two of these cases can be cited as evidences of the bloody character of the Constitution. Two are enough to prove its character, but inasmuch as the American people are obliged by the terms of their Constitution to stand by the laws of Maryland

and Missouri, the cases referred to are all in point.

We might say much more in regard to the constitutional question, but we trust that the thoughts we have here presented will furnish our correspondents some food for reflection, and if he wishes to investigate it more fully we would refer him to "Selections from the Madison papers," and "Phillips' Review of Spooner." These, we think, would give him such a clear view of the pro-slavery character of the United States Constitution, that he would see that it was by the existence and active operation of that compromise of the fathers that slavery has gathered power to rule this nation, that it is by the support it receives from the Union it is enabled to live, and move, and have its being; and that those who wish to strive most effectually against it, must strike fearlessly at the American Constitution and the American Union, and at the religious sentiment which sanctified them in the beginning and sanctifies them now.

Umbrellas and Newspapers

Are very peculiar property; and it appears to be a too general understanding in community that the one may be rightfully borrowed without any intention of returning it, and the other subscribed for without any design of making payment. Many persons feel insulted if you ask them to return a borrowed umbrella, and not a few consider you impertinent if you ask them to pay for a newspaper they have taken. Within a few weeks the Committee have sent out a number of bills to the subscribers to the Bugle, asking for the money due on the paper in order that the old debts might be settled and funds provided for their present necessities. Quite a number of discontinuances were one of the results, some of which—though but a few—were evidently owing to the fact that the Committee presumed to ask for their just dues. Such retaliation looks very little to us, and if the persons here referred to, refuse to deal further with a shoemaker who asks them to settle his bill, or the latter who seeks pay for the articles he has sold, their neighbors must regard them as very unreasonable persons and strange business men.

Now we insist upon it, that the just claims of newspaper publishers should be liquidated as cheerfully and promptly as those of any other class who contribute of their means to furnish the community an article it desires; and unless each subscriber does this, publishers are put to a very considerable additional expense in collecting their dues, and often subjected to serious losses. Many charges are standing upon the account books of the Bugle which have not yet been paid; and when a person discontinues his paper, he frequently does not do it until he has received from six to twelve numbers more than he has paid for. The cost of collecting the 124 or 25 cents thus due, would often be greater than the amount collected; and though but a trifle to the individual who does not pay, it becomes a matter of some importance to the Committee when fifty or a hundred such cases occur.

But we will not dwell longer upon the vexations to which newspaper publishers are subjected, but we hope that what we have said may incline to promptness and exact justice those of our subscribers who need an improvement in this respect, and encourage the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society to continue to exert themselves to obtain reliable subscribers and those who will not become offended when presented with a bill.

And furthermore, we wish it distinctly understood, that the remarks we have made in regard to a certain kind of discontinuances, cannot, and are not intended to apply to those who have stopped the paper, or who may hereafter stop it from other causes than the one specified.

"The Black Laws endorsed by the Whigs."

This is the language of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, published at Salem; a paper that has much more regard for the success of its cause, than it has for truth. In closing an article under the above caption, these sagacious and truth loving editors say:

"The Black Laws have not been abolished, nor are they likely to be by the Whig party. The House of Representatives by a vote of 42 to 39 refused to wipe them from the statute book—they now go forth with the full and free endorsement of the Anti-Slavery Whig party of Ohio."

If B. S. and J. Elizabeth Jones did not know the above paragraph to be false, they do not know enough about the political complexion of the House to pen such an article. What are the facts? A majority of the Whigs in the House voted for the repeal of the black laws, and all the locofocos but one voted for continuing them; yet we are told with a cool recklessness that the black laws "go forth with a full and free endorsement of the Whig party of Ohio."

We would advise these big-souled philanthropists who prate so much about suffering millions, and make it a point to vilify every one who should think or act differently from themselves to turn their attention to the units nearer home, and see that the naked are clothed, and cases provided for that the laws do not reach—*Massillon Telegraph*.

We thought that everybody understood that the action of a Whig Legislature was Whig action, and that all laws which it laid upon the statute book unreppealed, were virtually re-enacted, or endorsed by it; but it seems there are some not "negotious" enough

to know this, or not sufficiently "truth loving" to admit it.

There are two things which we think are very evident. First; that the recent Legislature by refusing to repeal the Black Laws re-endorsed them. Second; that either the Whigs or Democrats, or both, are responsible for its action. Now it would be too silly for any one to pretend that the Democratic party—which in both Senate and House were in the minority—could carry a single measure without the co-operation of at least some of the Whigs, or could defeat any measure which the Whigs wished to carry. But the Whigs, without any aid from the Democrats could have repealed the Black Laws if they had desired so to do; but they did not repeal them, and we therefore necessarily conclude they did not desire their repeal, but were willing they should go forth with their endorsement, as they had previously done with the endorsement of the Democratic party. As we have no wish to defend the Whig party where it is in the wrong, or to manufacture for it an anti-slavery character in spite of its pro-slavery acts, we keep these two points very clearly. And whatever the *Telegraph* may say, we do not think it usual even among politicians to point to what the majority of a party in either branch of the Legislature may do as an index of the feeling of that party at large. But when a Democratic or Whig Legislature does, or refuses to do a thing, the dominant party represented in that body is held responsible for its actions until it condemns them.

The senseless slang with which the foregoing extract from the *Telegraph* is served up, neither adds force nor beauty to its sentiments; and we pass it without other notice than to observe, that persons generally select for use the best weapons which they have or those which they can wield with greatest ease and facility.

Our Table

Presents a variety this week. Here is the *UNION MAGAZINE* with its admirably designed illustrations, one of which is "Steps to Ruin," the 4th and last of the series—the close of the drunkard's life as he lies pillowed upon the snow, with his faithful friend (his dog) and his wily enemy (his rum bottle) both by his side; another is a sketch of the "Paradise" as on the morning of his anticipated execution the jailer enters to give freedom to his captive. The reading matter and the mechanical execution of the number for this month appears equal to any which have preceded it. W. G. Sims, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Embury and Mrs. Dana are among the contributors.

The "Islets of the Gulf" by Cooper is concluded in *GRAHAM'S* March No. Among its other articles is "Mrs. Polly Smith's select party," a capital story by Mrs. Annin. J. B. Taylor, A. B. Street, W. C. Hosmer and Elizabeth J. Eames are among its writers for this month. Its illustrations "Expectation" and "Contemplation" are handsomely engraved, and we heartily wish the American people possessed a little more of the last, and were a little more guarded in the means to which they resort to realize their visions of the first.

The *GARLAND* has one plate—Grace at Table. The editor says the March No. is fully equal to its predecessors, (by the way, we have never seen the one for February.) The appearance of this is very creditable, and we think the publisher gives all he proposed to for the low price at which it is put.

EDINBURGH PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, is a Quarterly whose fair paper, clear type, and good selections are sure evidence that the publishers—Fowler and Wells—understand their business. It was intended to be a fac simile of the *Simon Pure* Edinburgh Journal, but as that work is or soon will be suspended, the Quarterly before us will be made up of the best articles which have heretofore appeared in that work. No. 1 contains a likeness of George Combe, and opens with an essay from his pen on National Education. An address on Phrenology by Andrew Combe, an article on Phrenology and Mesmerism and four pages of Variety comprise the remainder of its contents.

The Executive Committee

Will hold an adjourned meeting on the 19th inst. at the usual hour and place. It is very desirable that there be a full attendance.

Fire!

We had another fire in Salem early on Tuesday morning. The smoke and meat house of Fawcett and Johnson, and a barn immediately adjoining it were consumed with their contents. The former contained about eighty or ninety thousand pounds of pork—the loss to the owners will probably be between three and four thousand dollars.

This is the second fire that has occurred here within a few weeks, and had the wind been high either time, great destruction of property would have inevitably ensued. The fire apparatus could not, under such circumstances, have done much to stay its progress; and though the one engine did good service both times, it would have presented but a feeble opposition had a strong wind been blowing. One engine seems hardly enough for a village the size of Salem, where wooden buildings, standing in close proximity, and narrow streets are favorable to the spread of a

conflagration. Had the flames fairly fastened upon one other building, which was in great danger when the smoke house was burning, no efforts could have prevented the destruction of a considerable portion of the town. We noticed too that in passing water along the lines in ordinary buckets it was almost impossible to avoid spilling it; a thing to be regretted, especially as water is not too abundant here. The deep leather fire buckets, such as are used in some other places, and are manufactured expressly for the purpose would be more serviceable than the common kind.

And as prevention is far better than cure, the query arose in our minds whether smoke houses, and especially wooden ones ought not to be located at a considerable distance from other buildings! This would greatly lessen the risk of fire; and the inconvenience to which it would subject the owners of them would be trifling, compared with the increased sense of security against fire which the townspeople would greatly feel.

THE INEFFICIENCY OF TREATIES AND CEASES.—A fact in relation to the African slave trade has recently been put forth, based upon the returns made by the British Consuls to their government, which shows the utter powerlessness of law to suppress that trade while it is tolerated and sustained by public opinion. From 1814 to 1843, there were 657,189 slaves imported into Brazil and the colonies of different European nations.—Add to this number those who have died in the African baracoons while waiting to be shipped, and those who have perished on the middle passage, and we have as the average number annually sold into slavery on the Western coast of Africa and designed for exportation 30,000; and this too when Christendom declares the trade to be piracy, when England has a large force continually on the watch off the coast, to say nothing of the one or two American vessels which occasionally, and but occasionally capture an offender for American courts occasionally to condemn and American Presidents universally to pardon. It ought by this time to be a self-evident truth that Treaties, and Laws, and Cruisers cannot of themselves stop the traffic in African slaves; and it is equally impossible to abolish slavery in this land by similar means. Public sentiment must first be arrayed against it, and when this is done, bayonets and be-lie-enacted are not needed.

Good.—The *True Democrat* is one of the most consistent political papers we are acquainted with. Its editor has opposed the nomination or elevation to the Presidency of any slaveholder, "or any man who is not openly pledged in opposition to the extension of slavery;" and now that Gen. Ford has been nominated by the Whigs as their Gubernatorial candidate, he refuses to give him his support until he learns what are his views in relation to these points, so that he may not support a slaveholder for the Presidency, or one who would consent to the extension of slavery, by aiding in the elevation to the Gubernatorial chair a Taylor, a Clay, or an anti-Wilmot Provision man.

General Items.

A Curious Fact.—The annual production of Champagne Wine is about 50,000,000 bottles, and the annual consumption of what is said to be Champagne, 300,000,000 bottles. There is a company in Paris who manufacture the article out of various compounds, and it is said that not less than 30,000,000 bottles are annually imported into this country. The *Newark Advocate*, speaking of the counterfeit article says:

"Immense quantities are also made from elder, by the employment of all sorts of drugs, and in England, a great deal is made from gooseberries and the stalks of rhubarb. It is not so good as the genuine, but nine out of ten of those who drink it, can't tell the difference, and it will make them just as drunk, and give them the same horrid headache, and why then is it not just as valuable! True, some poisonous drugs are sometimes used in the fabrication, but none, perhaps, worse than alcohol."

The first newspaper ever issued appeared in manuscript in Venice in 1583, and was called "The Gazette"—hence the general name of Gazette, which has been adopted to designate a newspaper. Five years afterward, in 1588, a printed journal was occasionally issued in England by the Queen's printer, called "The Mercury;" and in 1619 Germany gave to the world the first periodical newspaper. When the last will be issued, it would probably be somewhat difficult to tell.

The last descendant of Martin Luther, a resident of Germany, has renounced Protestantism, and been received into the Catholic church.

A writer in the *American Review*, says that the Iroquois called the waters of the Allegheny—the head branch of the Ohio—O-hen-yo, which signified in their language "The Beautiful River." This in time became corrupted by the English settlers into Ohio, and the name was extended to the stream formed by the junction of the Monongahela with the Allegheny, and subsequently to the State whose south and south-eastern boundary it forms.

The British navy consists of six hundred and eighty ships of war, carrying from ten

to one hundred and twenty guns each. This is thought to be insufficient for proper defence, and the question is now being agitated among some of the most prominent men in the kingdom, whether large additions ought not to be made to the navy, and the coast defence strengthened. "In time of peace prepare for war," is the motto of all Christendom; "Put up thy sword, for they that take the sword shall perish by the sword," is the gospel command and prophecy.

The King of Denmark is dead—or rather he who was king a short time since. The gospel of Monarchy declares the king never dies, and though death strikes down him who filled the throne, yet the king lives in the person of his successor.

The number and value of the horses, cattle, sheep and pigs in Great Britain is estimated as follows:—
Horses, 2,250,000, their value £45,000,000
Cattle, 14,500,000, " 216,000,000
Sheep, 50,000,000, " 67,000,000
Pigs, 18,000,000, " 11,570,000
£339,560,000

In the Newfoundland fisheries, the Americans have employed 2000 schooners, varying from 30 to 120 tons burthen, and 27,000 men.

Gen. Pierce of New Hampshire, who, like a faithful Granite State Democrat, has been fighting for slavery in Mexico, stated in a recent speech which he made at Concord, that of the 648 men who composed his regiment when it left Puebla, only 120 effective men remained at the time of his recent departure from Mexico—the rest were sick, wounded, or dead. Who wants to enlist? Terms—glory, \$7 per month, and excellent chance of promotion to Death's army.

There is a salt bed at Scinde, says Lieut. Burke of the Bombay Engineers, which is three feet thick, and covers an area of three hundred miles. It is computed the supply is sufficient for one hundred millions of people for sixteen hundred years. Salt enters need anticipate no scarcity of the article for some time to come.

The amount of duties collected at Buffalo in 1847, was twenty four thousand dollars—paid by government for collecting, seventeen thousand dollars.

A decision has been made by the Supreme court of Pennsylvania, declaring the army enlistment of minors null and void.

According to the statement of the Commissioner of Patents, the grain crop of the United States for 1847 amounted as nearly as could be ascertained to 876,289,000 bush, viz: Corn, 540 millions; Oats, 176,000,000; Wheat, nearly 112 millions; Rye, over 31 millions; Buckwheat, not quite 12 millions; and Barley, near 6 millions.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.

Burial of Ex-President Adams.

WASHINGTON—Saturday night—Feb. 26.

I hardly know where or how to commence a record of the obsequies of the day, in honor of the dead. Words fail to impart to the distant reader any adequate idea of the solemn pageant. The ceremony was much more imposing than when President Harrison died in the Executive Mansion, for then Congress was not in session, and the scene wanted all the form incident to the services of the Capitol during the day.

Business was suspended during the day in the city, and every thing, except what was connected with the funeral, had more than the appearance of the Sabbath. Attempts were made to enter the Capitol soon after sunrise, and from seven to twelve there was a continued outpouring of people from the dwellings of the city and the country around. The members of the Maryland Legislature came in a body, with their officers, having yesterday adjourned for the purpose. The Baltimore cars came very full last night and to-day, as also the boats from the South.

The coffin was closed at half past 11 o'clock, in presence of the Massachusetts delegation alone, and the once familiar countenance forever withdrawn from human eyes. "This was the last of earth," because in such a farewell adieu a doubly impressive lesson is given.

At twelve o'clock, the Bier was borne to the Hall of the House under the direction of the Pall Bearers. The chief mourners followed, and then the Massachusetts delegation in mourning.

During all this time minute guns were firing and the bells tolling. When all were seated in the House of Representatives, the scene was one unexampled in the history of the country for the character of the pageant. The Speaker presided, with the President on his right and the Vice President on his left. Immediately in front were the Chaplains of the two Houses, the Clerk and his Assistants, with the Sergeant-at-Arms and other officers. In front was the Bier, surrounded by thirty members as a Committee of Arrangements, and the Delegate from Wisconsin. Nearer to the body were the gentlemen acting as Pall-Bearers. All of these wore the usual impressive insignia of the offices they held.

I saw, leaving the House together, but silently among the Pall Bearers, Messrs. Calhoun and Benton. The chief Justice and Judge McLean represented the Supreme Court, Judge Crawford the Government, and family being among the Chief Mourners. Messrs. McKay, Boyd, Truman Smith, J. R. Ingersoll, the House. Mayor Sexton the Corporate authorities, General Gibson the Army, and Commodore Morris the Navy.—The Cabinet, Ministers of the Senate, and a part of the members, were upon the right of the Chair, and the family and relatives of the deceased, the Diplomatic Corps, members and privileged persons upon the left. Some

two thousand persons were upon the floor of the House, and the galleries filled so full that there was no room for more. Such a mass of persons were hardly ever before crowded within the Capitol, and an assembly of like official note probably was never before found in the Union. It embraced every department of the public service, and every member of the Diplomatic Corps, the last of whom were clad in their most gorgeous uniforms. The Army and Navy officers were also in like manner decorated with the uniform of the country. The Massachusetts Senators and members attended as mourners. There was much in the extreme of contrast between the afflicted mourners, clad in the deepest black, and the gay uniforms of those who came in their official robes of office to testify their respect. The scene was one of marked solemnity and interest throughout, and the sight of such an audience could hardly fail to awaken the most interesting reflections.—Among the ladies present in a gallery set apart for distinguished persons, were Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Madison, and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and the ladies of the Secretaries and Foreign Ministers. Opposite were three powerful church choirs united in one. Their sweet hymns stole over the multitude like the solemn chants of the cathedral. Never were the tones of church music more soothing, inspiring or solemn, and the hymns were, next to the words of the preacher, most impressive.

The funeral sermon was by Rev. Mr. Gurley, Chaplain of the House, and it recounted some of the many virtues of the deceased, dwelling most upon his respect for the religion of the Bible, and his love of the Divine Author. His doctrinal opinions were barely mentioned, while it was truly said that he had sincere respect for every Christian denomination. The last congregation that Mr. Gurley had with Mr. Adams, (and it was Mr. A. who nominated Mr. Gurley as Chaplain,) was when the venerable Patriot expressed his astonishment at the indifference of public men, and often of highly educated men, to the great question of religion. To him, he said, such negligence and indifference had always been the subject of profound astonishment.

Some interesting incidents in the early life of Mr. A. were dwelt upon, and particularly the pious teachings of his mother, one of the most remarkable women of the country, and as well fitted to adorn social and private life, public station and the domestic circle, as the elder Adams his place as one of the foremost men in the nation. Rarely has a child been blessed with such parents, and more rarely perhaps has a son reflected such honor upon those who gave him birth.

The silence of the vast congregation was of itself a sermon, and the scene would have imparted eloquent thoughts had there been no words spoken.

A solemn prayer over him who died "full of years and full of honors," and an invocation for God's blessing upon all, and he who had been so long the living oracle and ornament of the House of Representatives, was borne hence to the place appointed for all the living. What, indeed, may a day bring forth, and how full of events are the hours of the closing week.

The congregation followed from the Hall to the busy world without. Some ten or fifteen thousand persons were crowded near the East front of the Capitol, and presented a sea of heads. There were banners flying and draped in weeds of mourning. There was the music of the muffled drum and the dead march of Saul and the Sicilian hymn played by the National and City Bands. The Civic Societies had their banners hung with crape, and appeared in all the insignia of their orders. The sea of heads, the noble statue of Washington in the distance, surrounded by a vast concourse of people, the solemn music, the waving plumes, the distinguished persons, the gorgeous funeral car, drawn by six milk white horses, made the picture one that only the united strength of the Government, in a session like the present, could produce.

There were nearly two hundred carriages in the procession, and the military on foot and Cavalry troops from Virginia, and Societies from Georgetown and elsewhere.

Under the direction of the Sergeant-at-Arms, the procession moved and was quite two miles long. Leaving the Capitol at twenty minutes past one, it was nearly three hours in reaching the Congressional Burying Ground. Here the military presented arms as the mourners passed on.

At four o'clock the remains of the memorable sage and true Patriot, of the Statesman and the Scholar were committed to the grave, amidst the prayers of the clergy, the tears of his surviving relatives and the respectful remembrances of thousands who had followed him to his last earthly place of abode. He was consigned for a season to the National tomb, and will be removed to the family vault in Quincy. Thus ends the honors here for the illustrious dead.

E. N.

"Hallo! Jim, where did you get that clock!"

"Oh! I 'annexed' it, and I'm going to 'acquire' a dress coat some how, if I can establish a 'territorial government' over a dozen silver spoons I picked up last night. It's destiny—it's Anglo-Saxonism. Hurrah for Polk and the largest party!"

The Treasurer of the Western A. S. Society, Reports: That since rendering her last account she has received as follows:

Collection at Grafton, \$60.63
Sale of Fair goods, 2.44
" " " 3.12
" " " 19.70
" " " 70.16

PLEDGES AND DONATIONS.

Mrs. Putnam, 25
Cash by S. S. Foster, 25
" " " 1.00
Two persons, 50 cents each, 1.00
Mark Bonall, 2.50
Sugar, 50
Sam'l. Fowler, 1.00
T. R. Woodcock, 1.00
A. K. Garlick, 1.00
Jos. Heighon, 2.00
Wm. Bailey, 1.50
Rumsey Reeves, 6.00
Lorica Loomis, 1.00
Delina Story, 1.00
Wm. Johnson, 2.00
Ann Borton, 50
Isaac Votaw, 1.00
Thos. Mercer, 5.00
Wm. B. McIntosh, 1.00
Jos. Ingram, 1.00
Nathan Wolcott, 50
Maria Wolcott, 50

Henry Davis, 2.00
E. P. Townsend, 1.00
Elizabeth Alexander, 1.00
J. Milton Morris, 1.00
Jas. Hall, 1.00
Wm. Meredith, 2.00
Simon Meredith, 1.00
Caleb Green, 3.30
Geo. Freed, 1.00
Sam'l. Ward, 2.50
A. L. Bridgen, 50
J. T. Wetmore, 3.00
E. Clark, 2.00
T. Bentley, 3.00
A. Friend, 1.00
J. Trunkay, 12.00
John Brown, 50
A. Hewitt, 50
Nancy Hewitt, 50
Sarah Hewitt, 50
E. Clark, 93
Thos. Spencer, 1.00
Collection at Medina, 6.35
" " " 12.19
Wm. Paine, 1.00
Ellsworth, 50
Collection at Munson, 11.39
J. Demming, 1.00
J. R. Reese, 1.00
N. Dalph, 1.00
W. Bridgen, 1.00
Prudence Wallace, 1.00
L. E. Higby, 50
R. Harvey, 10
R. R. Paine, 1.00
Thos. Gordon, 2.00
Collection at Grafton, 3.12
Cash, 1.50
Wm. S. Beach, 1.00
G. Whinery, 50
A little boy, 10
Wm. Bonwell, 1.00
J. Churchill, 1.00
H. D. Ingersoll, 1.00
E. A. Case, 35
R. A. Cox, 1.00
Sam'l. Metfield, 1.00
Israel Scott, 25
For expenses of Wm. L. Garrison at Cleveland, as previously acknowledged in the Bugle, 51.45
Balance on hand at last Report, Oct. 3rd, 1847, 352.44
Advanced by Treasurer, 19.54
\$641.18

Disbursements.
To Wm. Lloyd Garrison, 65.00
To S. Brooke, 50.00
To Freight on Goods from Ravenna, 1.00
To Jona. Morris for share in Press, 25.00
To S. Brooke on acct of Press and Type, 89.68
" on acct of Fair, 2.23
To Lecturing Agents, 388.29
\$641.18
J. ELIZABETH JONES, Treasurer.
March 6th, '48.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DAVID WOODRUFF,
MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, &c.
A general assortment of carriages constantly on hand, made of the best materials and in the neatest style. All work warranted.
Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

JAMES BARNABY,
PLAIN & FASHIONABLE
TAILOR.
Cutting done to order, and all work warranted.
Corner of Main & Chestnut streets, Salem, Ohio.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
BOOTS and SHOES, (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at
TRESKOTTS,
Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

C. DONALDSON & CO.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE and CUTLERY.
No. 16, Main street, Cincinnati.
January, 1848.

THE SUBSCRIBERS take this opportunity of informing their friends and the public generally that they have commenced the Wholesale Grocery Commission and Forwarding business, under the firm of Gilmore, Porter & Moore. All consignments made to them will receive prompt attention. Upon the reception of such, they will give liberal acceptances if desired—charges reasonable.
Address Gilmore, Porter & Moore, No. 26, west Front street, Cincinnati.
HIRAM S. GILMORE,
ROBERT PORTER,
AUGUSTUS O. MOORE.
Cincinnati, May 4, 1847.

Books for the People.
Just received at the Salem Book-Store, Human Rights, and their Political guarantees, by E. P. Hurlbut.
Woman, her Education and Influence, by Mrs. Hugo Reid, with notes by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.
The Philosophy of Mesmerism.
Book of the Teeth.
Book of the Feet.
Combe's & Fowler's Phrenological and Physiological works, &c., &c.
A GREAT VARIETY
Of Juveniles, selected with great care. All the standard "Water-Cure" works.
Phonetic Works—all that are published in the United States.
A variety of School, Classical, Scientific, and Miscellaneous Books.
Blank Books, Slates and Stationery of all descriptions.
All offered on the most favorable terms, by D. L. GALBREATH.
Salem, Jan. 4th, 1848.
WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY,
Revised Edition, just received at the
Salem Book-Store.

POETRY.

From the New York Evening Post.
Pictures of Memory.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all.
Not for its gnarled oak's olden,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Nor for the violet's golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pink, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the dove of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hill grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep to the gods of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Mr. HEALTHY, Ohio.
Our own Fireside.

Our own fire-side's easy chair—
Is there any place beside
Where each pleasant thought we share?
Where the hours so gently glide?
Though but humble be the fare,
That Wand's dilly dilly provide,
Dainty's cup can ne'er compare
With the joy that sparkles there,
By our own fire-side.

Would you meet with genuine Mirth
Where some comes a willing guest?
Tis the quiet, social heart,
Well loved, she loveth best;
Where the little ones at play,
Prattle by their mother's side,
And the elder, mildly gay,
Laugh and sing the hours away
By their own fire-side.

They who love us till we die,
Who through troubles have been tried,
Who will watch the closing eye
When all grows cold beside—
Where shall friends like these be found,
Search we earth and ocean wide?
Where, on all this weary round,
Save that hallowed spot of ground
Called our own fire-side?

In my chimney's cozy nook
Thus I sit at my rustic lay,
'Neath the rafters brown with smoke,
Cuddling up for many a day.
Wealth may boast his splendid hall,
Pomp and luxury and pride,
Sculptured roof and pictured wall—
There's no comfort in them all
Like my own fire-side.

MISCELLANEOUS.

More Blessed to give than Receive.
A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY E. J. ARTHUR.
"I wonder what I shall get for a New Year's gift," said Ellen Grant, on the day before New Year.

"I'll tell you what I'd like to have: one of the biggest wax dolls that could be found. As big as a real baby, and a great deal bigger too. Wouldn't you sister?"

"No; but I'd like to have—let me see what I would like to have," and Ellen sat and thought for a few moments. "Yes, I'd like to have a show, just like Aunt Mary's."

"And I'd like to have a pony," spoke up Harry. "Oh, I wish father would buy me a pony for a New Year's gift."

Then the children talked, first wishing for one thing, and then for another, while Aunt Prudence sat knitting and listening to what they said. At last, little blue-eyed Mary, the pet of the house, came, and leaning her arms upon the knees of Aunt Prudence, looked up in her face and said—

"What are you going to give me for a New Year's gift, Aunt Prudence?"

"A kiss, dear," replied Aunt Prudence.

"Won't that do?"

"I want something besides a kiss. I get kisses every day."

"Oh, yes, and what are you going to give me?" spoke up Ellen.

"And me, Aunt P," said Harry.

"Wait until tomorrow, and we'll see. But I don't hear any thing about what you are to give, only about what you expect to receive. Now isn't that a little selfish? I am sure you might make somebody a present of something, and thus be made to feel how true the words are, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. What do you say children? You've got a good many shillings in your money boxes, and can make New Year's presents, as well as any body else."

"Sure enough," exclaimed Ellen. "We've got. I never thought of that. I've got two

dollars in my money box. What shall I buy? Mother shall have a present, and so shall father."

"And so shall Aunt Prudence," said little Mary. "What shall I buy for Aunt Prudence?"

"Can't you think of somebody?" replied the Aunt, to whom you might make a New Year's present that might be useful? There are a great many people who haven't even the comforts of life; much less its luxuries. There are hundreds of poor children who never think of toys; and for whom New Year's day comes and goes, without bringing a present of any kind."

Mrs. Grant came into the room at this moment, when Aunt Prudence put her finger upon her lip, and the children understood, but to mean by it, that they were to say nothing about New Year's presents to their Mother, until she had an opportunity to speak with them further on the subject; which opportunity soon occurred.

Not far from where Mr. Grant, the father of these children, resided, lived a poor man, named Barker, who from sickness, had not been able to do any work for many months. He had four children. The two oldest, William and Jane, were only ten and twelve years of age; and Hetty and Philip were much younger. Since her father's sickness, Jane, had got herself a place in a family, to look after some children, for which she received a dollar a week. This, with about two dollars a week, which the mother earned by sewing, was all the family had to live upon.

New Year's day came with a sober face to the inmates of poor Mr. Barker's comfortable home. The children looked for no presents; for even a full supply of nourishing food was lacking, and their clothes were now worn almost to tatters.

For breakfast they had some milk and water, and a dish of fried potatoes. Hungry as these were to their taste, and they ate with a keen relish. After the table was cleared away, and the room swept up, Mrs. Barker sat down to her sewing—there was no holiday for her—and Mr. Barker took a book, and as he lay upon his bed, gave each of the children a lesson.

"I wish they would let Jane come home to-day," he said, after he had given the lessons. "It is New Year's day, and they might give the poor child a few hours' holiday."

As he finished speaking, the door opened and Jane came in. The child that half awoke upon her father's lips died away, as he saw tears were in her eyes, and glistened upon the cheeks of his child.

"Jane, dear," he said, tenderly, "what is the matter?" as the child came hastily across the room, the moment she closed the door, and sinking down upon a chair by the bed, hid her face among the clothes and sobbed.

Mrs. Barker, three times, called her, and came and laid her hand gently on the neck of her daughter, repeating what the father had said, with yet a more earnest and tender expression.

"Jane, dear, what is the matter?"

But it was some time before Jane was able to express her grief. At last, putting her hand in her pocket, she took out a dollar, her last week's wages, and handing it to her mother, said in broken accents—

"They've sent me home, mother."

"Why, dear?" asked Mrs. Barker.

"Because my clothes are so poor, and my shoes are all worn out, so that they say I'm not fit to be seen in a decent body's house."

And the child wept and sobbed again.

Poor Mr. Barker caught his breath several times like a person who strives to conceal the emotion that nearly overmasters him; and Mrs. Barker, unable to contain her feelings, laid her head down upon Jane's shoulder, and hid her tears. The little ones, understanding that all this was an expression of pain and grief, gathered, weeping, about their mother.

At last, Mrs. Barker, feeling that such weakness on her part, was not right, raised herself up and said, with a voice as steady as she could command—

"Don't take it to heart, Jane. He will buy you a pair of shoes with a dollar, and I will alter you one of my old frocks to day, so that you can go back to-morrow looking quite smart."

"But you want the dollar, mother, in the family," replied Jane, looking up and drying her tears. "It won't do for me to spend it all for a pair of shoes."

"You must have shoes, you know, my child. Those you have, are all worn out. We can't expect people to keep you, if you have no decent clothes. So we will buy you the shoes, and trust that Providence will help us get along. If we use your dollar in the family this week, you cannot earn us any thing next week, nor, perhaps at all. But if you buy the shoes, and you go back, you will bring us home a dollar next week, and so on week after week. It is, therefore, best for us that you should have the shoes. Don't you think so?"

And Mrs. Barker turned to her husband.

"The old dress was brought down from a closet up stairs, turned over and over by Mrs. Barker, and examined in every part, before she put the scissors into it. It was very thin in many places, and worn clear through in others."

"It isn't worth the labor of making over," she at length said, letting it fall into her lap. "I'm sure it won't hold together two weeks."

Just as she said this, some one knocked at the door, and William and Hetty, and a colored man stepped in, and putting down a large basket on the floor, said—

"I was told to leave this here," and turned and went out before any one could ask him a question.

"What does that mean?" asked Mr. Barker, raising himself up in the bed. "There must be some mistake."

"We will soon see," replied his wife, laying aside her work, and taking hold of the basket, which proved to be heavy. It was covered with a newspaper, which, upon removal, showed a package neatly done up, and marked New Year's gift for Jane."

Jane, to whom this was handed, hurriedly broke the string, and out fell a pair of strong leather shoes, very little worn, and two pairs of warm stockings. But there was still something else in the package, which upon examination, proved to be a handsome calico frock.

While Jane was examining the contents of her package, the mother was going deeper into the basket. The next thing taken out was a pair of Indian rubber shoes, a package of sugar, one of tea, another of coffee, and another containing six or seven pounds of rice, each marked "New Year's gift to Mrs. Barker." There was a very nice jacket and a pair of trousers for William, and shoes and stockings for Philip and Hetty; and last,

hunch of sweet Malaga grapes, marked "For Mr. Barker," and as much New Year's cake as could be crowded into the basket between the other things.

"Suppressed, bewildered, yet happy even to tears, was that poor family on this long remembered New Year's morning."

"Where are they all from, mother?" asked Mr. Barker, as soon as he could speak, after the excitement of the first surprise.

"Heaven only knows," replied Mrs. Barker. "They are sent from above."

"And to find we are thankful," said the sick man, lifting his eyes upward. "He that feedeth the ravens will not suffer us to want."

"I know where they come from," exclaimed Jane, breaking in upon her father's expression of thankfulness, and holding up the frock she had received at the moment she stood so much in need of one. "This is Ellen Grant's dress; I remember it very well. She wore it the day I went there a few weeks ago."

"And this is Harry Grant's jacket," said William.

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Barker.

"Oh, yes. I know it right well. I've seen him wear it many a time."

"Bless the children," ejaculated Mr. Barker, whose mind had a strong suspicion of the truth. "If it is their present—if they have remembered us in their happiness—may Heaven reward them a hundred fold."

Other evidences besides those which Ellen and William and Jane, sent the minds of Mr. Barker and Mrs. Barker that these timely presents came from the Grants. Jane tried on her frock and shoes, and they fitted as well as if they had been made for her. She stayed at home a couple of hours, then went back to her place, looking so much smarter than when she went away, that the lady said—

"You should have worn these clothes before."

"But I hadn't them, replied Jane."

"Where then did they come from?" asked the lady.

Thus questioned, Jane related in the most artless yet touching manner, the distress of her father and mother when she went home; and then told of the timely relief that came from friends unknown. The lady's feelings were touched. She spoke with unusual kindness to Jane, and told her that she had a good deal of cast-off clothing which her mother could have made up for her and her children, and that if she would be a good girl, she would keep her as long as she would like to remain.

When Jane told this at home they were still more rejoiced.

We cannot stop to tell of all the beautiful presents that Ellen Grant, and Mary, and Harry received on New Year's day. Papa and mamma had not been forgotten by the children, who, under the direction of Aunt Prudence, had laid out all the money in their money boxes in order to buy presents, and in bestowing them, they did indeed feel it was more blessed to give than to receive.

Evening had come—the evening for Mr. Barker's day—and all the children were in the parlor with papa, mamma, and Aunt Prudence, when a servant brought in a note directed to Mr. and Mrs. Grant. On breaking it, Mr. Barker read the following—

To Mr. and Mrs. Grant:—For your generous kindness this day, our hearts are full of gratitude. Your presents came in a moment of great need, when we knew not where to turn, and fully supplied that need. Jane was sent home from her place this morning, because her shoes were worn out, and her clothes not decent enough for her to be seen in a respectable family. That frock and light boots, and comfortable shoes and stockings were needed by the children, above all things. You have supplied them, and may Heaven reward you a hundred fold. Forgive this expression of our gratitude, but I felt that I could not sleep to night without letting you know the real good you had done, and warmth of our thankfulness. MARY BARKER.

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Barker. "Do you understand it, mother?"

"No, dear," replied Mrs. Barker.

"A look of surprise. 'There is some mistake. We are receiving thanks for the benefit conferred by others. It is good to remember the poor; but we have forgotten them this day. That touching letter of Mrs. Barker's rebukes me deeply.'"

"Why what's the matter, Ellen? and Harry? and Mary? What are you children?" asked Mr. Barker, looking from face to face at the little ones, and not being able to comprehend the expression that rested upon each.

The tears were actually starting from Ellen's eyes, while smiles went flitting about her lips. Harry was laughing with suppressed joy.

"Let me explain," said Aunt Prudence. "And she told how the children had spent their money in buying tea, sugar, coffee, rice, stockings, and other things, for a New Year's present to the family of Mr. Barker, and how they had sent clothing, also, that she picked out from her chest, such as they had outgrown or thrown aside. But how Mrs. Barker knew where they came from was more than she could tell."

"And my children have done this!" said Mr. Grant, with much emotion, drawing them to his side, and pressing his lips tightly upon their pure young foreheads. "How happy they have made me! And they too, are happy—baptized in this giving. I am sure, that they were in receiving."

Mrs. Grant fairly cried for joy, to think that her children had done so good an act. As for Ellen, and Harry, and little blue-eyed Mary, they had never felt so happy in their lives as they did on this glad New Year's evening.

DISCIPLINE OF JEWISH OFFENDERS FOR KEEPING IMPROPER HOUSES.—It having been ascertained that a large number of the houses of a certain description, into which young and inexperienced females are inveigled, are kept by persons of the Jewish nation, the present High Priest or Chief Rabbi (Mr. Adler) has, within the last week or two, caused it to be intimated that no member of the Jewish persuasion who is the keeper of an improper house, either directly or indirectly, will be permitted to attend the Synagogue, nor be acknowledged as one of the people; that neither their sons nor their daughters shall be allowed to be married according to the Jewish ritual, nor will any of the religious rites be performed at the birth of a child; and should the party die at the time of keeping such a house, he will be refused the rite of sepulture; no prayers will be read, nor will they be interred amongst their forefathers, but be buried behind what are termed the boards, the same as if the party had died accursed.—London paper.

From the Christian Citizen. London Underground.

That part of London which lies underground may not be so pleasant to the eye—so pleasant as that which sees the sun, and yet it is not to be passed by.

The immense Wine Vaults in the London Docks are objects of great interest. They cover an area of thirty-three acres, lying under a thickly settled portion of London.

Then there are the sewers that lie under every street of this mighty city, carrying off the water and refuse filth. They are built in a strong manner, about ten feet high and four wide, and will very cleverly accommodate a man. A person, however, could not be sentenced to a more frightful place, than these dark, dismal sewers.

They are infested with a large and voracious race of rats, whose eyes protrude from their sockets in the most hideous manner imaginable. But they are very useful, eating as public scavengers and consuming all dead animals that may chance to be washed into their abode. But these rats are not the only inhabitants of these sewers—horrid as it may seem, there is a class of men who walk these dark streets day long, simply to gather the valuable articles that are washed down by the rain. Each man has his belt, which consists of a certain number of streets, which he searches over and over again. The only places of entrance are the "Tunnels" when the tide is out. Then, every thing ready, their tin lamps in their hands, they enter and commence their search. Sometimes a man loses his way, and an awful place, surely, it is to be lost in. Men who are used to London sometimes lose their way in the open streets—how much more difficult must it be for these men who have but a flickering lamp-light to guide their feet. Boys are apprenticed to this business not only to become acquainted with their particular beats, but with all the beats, so that if away from their own walks they will not be lost. If once gone down to the river side when they are entering they will be very likely to hear one of their address a fellow in this way, "Hallo! neighbor—'posen y'd take my bill with you under Chesapeake to-day and I'll take you under the Strand!" It is in this way that they manage the tutoring of the youthful scavengers. But with all their precautions they quite often get lost. A few years since one of their number was missed and they instituted a thorough search for him. His bones and shoes were found in a back sewer—the rats had taken the rest. Whether he died from exhaustion, or the rats attacked and killed him, is of course only to be conjectured.

These men get good pay, on the average, for their labor. All kinds of cast-off goods, pieces of tin to a guinea are found. Many little articles of multifarious kinds are found, all of which constitute their lawful booty. Diamond rings of great value have sometimes been found, and one could not envy them their occupation if they found a diamond ring every day.

As to the Wine Vaults—I visited the largest, called the East Vault in the London Docks, with a friend a few days since. (As these Docks afford plenty of interesting matter for one paper I will not notice them at present.) We presented our merchant's order (without which we could not have entered) at the office of the East Vault, a little dark underground room, on one side of which hung innumerable little tin lamps fastened to long stalks. When the porter was ready he gave each of us one of these tin lamps with a lighted wick, and we followed him. We passed through folding doors, descended a flight of steps and we were in the Vault. A feeble set of ghastly lamps were hung about the subterranean abode, but there were only just enough of them "to make the darkness visible."

The wine casks were so arranged as to form little paths, or aisles, which were covered over with a substance like saw-dust, soft and pleasant to the feet. The vault we were in comprised three acres. We walked on in silence for awhile until we came into a large thoroughfare and then we stopped to listen. The noises of the street sounded here like the low and distant summer thunder with a slight addition of hollow unearthliness. The walls, which is not very high, is supported by a multitude of stone pillars. Had they given way we should not have been in a very pleasant predicament—with whole cities, whole houses, men, women, and children, crushing down upon the wine.

Far in the distance, we could see a party, like ourselves, who were listening to the artificial thunder.

We walked in one direction, then in another—stopped and listened—wandered—gazed into the dim, dark distance—breathed the fragrant air—and finally felt to talking with our guide. In the Vault we were in, he said, there were 40,000 pipes of wine; and although he solemnly protested that it was all the pure juice of the grape, I have a doubt that some of it never came across the channel. For several years past more port wine has been introduced into England than is manufactured in Oporto! And so with some other wines. However, it does not matter—perhaps one poison is as good as another, only it would seem fair that when a man pledges his wife or sweetheart in a dining room, he would like to know whether he is drinking it with pure juice of the vine, or the sugar of lead! There are in the London Docks 13 of these Vaults comprising, as I have said, 33 acres of area. John Bull consumes more wine than he is aware of—he is aware that he is a great spendthrift.

The London Missionary.

A correspondent of the Christian Citizen thus speaks of the labors of one who has devoted his time to the reclamation of the outcasts of London.

I think that this missionary's life is a beautiful illustration of the law of love. He has been the companion of robbers and murderers for years—has faithfully rebuked them, but has never received any harm. He has met organized bands of thieves, by appointment in secret places, for the purpose of robbing with them on their life of sin. His plan is to befriend them first, and talk to them afterwards. As one of their number sickens he visits him and administers comfort, and thus he gains their esteem and is ever after safe. He said that he would suffer death by hanging before he would divulge any of their secrets to the officers of the law. He came near losing his life once from the imprudence of a friend. He had related to him his experience with a party of robbers and he pub-

lished it giving the names and streets. The robbers got hold of the account and six of them entered into an oath to kill him. One of them, the chief, told his paramour of it, and she, remembering how kind Mr. Walker had been to her when she was very sick, went to his house in the night and told him of the plot. He knew that if he did not do something soon he was a dead man, and so he determined to cast himself upon their mercy, and went and accused the six of the plot to their faces—told them it was not his fault that the account was published, and asked them if he had not always been their friend in case of trouble; and now they were about to kill him some dark night and throw him into the river. They revoked their oath, and have ever since been his warmest friends. Although these men are what the world calls wretches, yet they are not devoid of generosity and affection. A notorious thief in Westminster gives five dollars a year to support a ragged school. When he was young he was imprisoned for a deed which he did not commit. He was placed in the company of old thieves and they told him when he got out to come to their headquarters and he would be cared for. When the time came for his release he sought work, but no man would employ a jail-bird, and he was compelled to become a thief. He is now the captain of a band of thieves. In this instance, law made him a rascal and now would punish for it. There is an old adage that 'There is honor among thieves,' and the missionary told me an anecdote which proves its truth. He had agreed to meet a band of them in a secret place one Sunday afternoon to talk to them about the propriety of leading better lives. A friend of his wished to accompany him, and after much solicitation he told him that he might go with him to the outside of the building, and that then he would ask the captain if he might come in. When they had arrived at the door the missionary asked the captain if his friend might come in, to which the captain said, "Yes." After the meeting was closed the friend whispered in the missionary's ear that his handkerchief was gone. The captain was immediately informed of the fact and he obliged the one who had taken it to give it up, saying at the same time, "You are no longer a member of our band, for we will have no dishonest fellow with us!"

The Duel.

Trace the history of a duel.

A challenge passes. What is the first step which follows, as a general rule? That the parties put themselves under immediate training. They get the best pistols. Friends go out with them; they take a sapling as a mark; they fire at that, until they can hit it easily—until they are considered "a good or sure shot." The opponents do not meet each other in the glow of passion, or ere the blood has cooled, and settle their differences at once. The crack of the pistol is not the immediate consequence of the insult offered, or the injury done. But deliberately they go to work, and work hard and constantly, until they can run a young tree no bigger round than a man's thumb. When this is accomplished they have taken the first step.

The next is, to accustom the nerves to the shock of firing. A man may fire well when he is shooting alone! But the crack of a gun, shot by another, may startle him, as to drive him wide of the mark. To this crack he must be thoroughly accustomed. The first step is, consequently, to use cork balls in the practice. The ground is measured; mock seconds are put in proper places; a week or more stands opposite; the word is given; and they fire. This is kept up for days. It is kept up until the cool observer, or the experienced trainer, and the parties themselves, know that the eye and ear are familiarly accustomed to every movement which will be made on the field of blood.

But as this bracing the nerves is an all-important matter, another course of training is resorted to, if the parties waver at all. Indeed, it is rarely omitted by regular duellists. Four or five friends stand around the parties; song, before, some bank some in front of him; as the word is given—are you ready—prepare—fire—they all blaze away, and generally before he shoots. This is continued until the parties can aim as well amid the confusion and noise as if they were alone. Sometimes, when fears are entertained that the nerves of the parties are not steady, muskets, or heavily charged guns are fired in their faces—and fired until they are entirely unresponsive and firm. The physical man is thus trained to meet the emergency—trained to bludge, to deal death, his sensibilities—so that he may more surely take the life of another, and save his own!

When thus prepared, the parties meet. And now comes an opportunity for the display of cunning and trick.

First, there is a good deal in choice of position. The sun may affect the sight at one point; a tree may be near, so as to give line to the pistol; the ground may be slightly rising, and it so the opponent will be up to overshoot—these, and twenty other important or material advantages, are to be examined into by seconds, and turned to the best account by their principals.

Second: there is much in giving the word. A principal gets accustomed to his second's voice—its pauses—the length of them—and knows after long practice exactly what to do. For instance, one second is slow—another fast; or one begins deliberately, and quickens as he goes on; if the party gets his own second, he has an advantage equal sometimes to half, and, at others, to a full account. This any one may readily perceive by pronouncing the usual command—Are you ready—prepare—fire. One, two, three—in different tones, and with slower or quicker movement.

Third: There is a good deal in the dress. Every object—such as a button, or breast-pin, or anything which makes a contrast, is carefully removed. The usual dress for the duelist is a large light morning wrapper, made as near the color of the earth as may be. This is starched. Thus the adversary cannot fix his sight upon a particular spot, and as it bags out, he is liable to mistake the true position of the body. And then the parties are drilled to put the body in as small a compass as possible, so as to guard the vital parts as far as it can be done.

If neither party is hurt, after firing, they make up, and have a laugh over it. If one falls, the other escapes, as if he knew he had done a felon deed.

This is a brief outline of this honorable practice! The reader has in the details given—more or less true of all Southern duelling—a picture of the true course which honorable men pursue in endeavoring to slay each other! Could anything in itself be more degrading or contemptible? Is there any practice, weak or vain, more richly deserving the ridicule and scorn of all men? It is a map of human wickedness and meanness—an insult to every manly feeling and religious principle, and should be rooted out of civilized society as the foul and irreligious blot of a rude and barbarous age.—Examiner.

How to move the World.

One day a philosopher came to Athens, from a far country, to learn the ways of the wonderful Greeks, and perhaps to teach them the great lore he treasured in his heart. The wise men heard him; sought his company in the gardens; talked with him in private. The young men loved him. He passed for a wonder with that favored him, was the son of Sophroniscus, an ill-favored young man, a mechanic of humble rank. He was one of the few who understood the dark, Oriental doctrines of the Sage, when he spoke of God, Man, Freedom, Goodness, of the Life that never dies. The young man saw these doctrines were pregnant with actions, and would one day work a Revolution in the affairs of men, dismembering many an ancient sin now held legitimate.

So he said to himself, when he saw a man rich or famous—Oh that I also were rich, and famous, I would move the world as soon. Here are sines to be plucked up and truths to be planted. Oh that I could do it all, I would mend the world right soon. Yet he did nothing but wait for Wealth and Fame. One day the Sage heard him complain with himself, and said, Young man, thou speakest as silly words. The Gospel of God, is writ for all. Let him who would move the world first move himself. He that would do good to men begins with what tools God gives him, and gets more as the world gets on. It asks neither wealth nor Fame, to live a noble life at the end of thy lane in Athens. Make thy Light thy Life; thy Thought, Action; others will come round. Thou askest a place to stand on hereafter, and move the world. Foolish young man take it where thou standest, and begin now. So the work shall go forward. Reform thy little self, and thou hast begun to reform the world. Fear not thy work shall die!

The youth took the hint; reformed himself of his coarseness, his sneers, of all meanness that was in him. His Idea became his Life; and that blameless and lovely. His Truth passed into the public mind as the sun into the air. His influence passes like morning from continent to continent, and the rich and the poor are blessed by the light and warmed by the life of Socrates, though they know not his name.—Parker.

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